

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

## RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

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### THE ROSE OF LOVE.

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A maiden knight in mail bedight  
All eager for the fray  
With a waving plume, a heart as light  
He gaily rode away.  
  
The song he sang through the wild-wood rang,  
And rolled around the wold.  
Thus runs the song the young knight sang,  
The maiden knight and bold.  
  
“A maiden fair and debonnair  
For her shall be my quest:  
To find a rose as red as where  
My lips her cheek have pressed.”  
  
Full many a night his mail so bright  
Was wrapped within the gloaming.  
Without the rose’s ruddy light  
The bold knight still was roaming.  
  
On a bloody field his heart and shield  
A paynim lance there clove.  
The young knight’s heart did freely yield  
A red, red rose of love  
  
For the maiden fair and debonnair  
For whom had been the quest:  
It was the Virgin kneeling there  
Hath plucked it from his breast.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

## COMMON SENSE.

HUMAN nature is such that, generally speaking, it hates to be reminded of its faults, however slight. It is only when that stage in character usually termed the heroic has been attained that such corrections evoke no sharp repartee, but are heeded with a smiling *complaisance* and followed by resolves of amendment. There are those in this world who actually coax sweet words from others concerning themselves by feigning humility on every occasion. Only too often do we deprecate our own capabilities with secret dread of not being contradicted. Then there are some who, fortunately or unfortunately, are seldom contradicted. These usually conclude the world to be a vast aggregation of idiots whose utter darkness cannot comprehend the resplendent light of *lumina* as bright as they. Poor Keats turned in disgust from the world, which failed to appreciate his genius; the thought so bored him as to hasten his already premature death. These, however, are life's exceptions.

"Sweet bells, jangled, out of tune, and harsh." Were you to hint to your friend that he lacked genius it is hardly probable that he would lose patience with you. Perhaps he might not lose his equilibrium were you to tell him that he lacked great talent or learning; but rely upon it, that however amiable your friend might be, he would resent most emphatically any insinuation to the

effect that he lacked Common Sense. Especially would this hold good with your typical American. Willing as he may be to admit that he lacks all else, he sincerely and candidly believes that he was amply compensated for all this by a superabundance of Common Sense. "Why," he will exclaim, "everybody concedes us to be the most practical of people! Look at our thrift, our ingenuity, our success everywhere. We of all people are the most free from fogyisms. Even our religion is of the progressive kind." True, my friend, but before proceeding it is necessary that we understand each other. If Common Sense is thrift that knows no reward but gold, ingenuity, which makes soulless men, success, which means only enrichment; then, my friend, you are right. But I deny that it means this; I hold that it means nothing less than a rule by which we may attain the beau ideal for which we are created, that rule which subjects the gross, the material, to the refined, to the spiritual, which subordinates the temporal to the eternal.

We have various definitions of genius. That of Johnson is perhaps most popular because most hopeful. He calls it an "infinite capacity for taking pains." Now this definition is hardly a true one, conveying, as it does, the idea that genius is acquired rather than born. While genius may be perfected, it undoubtedly is not called forth by any effort of education. I have thus spoken of genius in as much as it is related to the subject under discussion.

To define anything perfectly we must know it perfectly; but since Common Sense, like genius, is a thing in the abstract it is no easy task to define it. Perhaps the best definition is that it is the golden mean between genius and stupidity. Dictionaries define it as "that sound practical judgment and good sense common to the greater part of mankind, as unaffected by logical subtleties or imagination." Even this is not an adequate definition in as much as the defining terms abound in ambiguities. Especially is this true of the term "practical." The typical American has a superb knack of juggling it into exact accordance with his preconceived ideas. Now Common Sense ought to be but "simply the expression of man's reasonable nature." Hence, it follows that an unreasonable man, a bigot, a narrow-minded man, cannot but be lacking in Common Sense.

Though Common Sense may never have projected gigantic schemes, neither has it caused gigantic failures. Without it no grand or noble enterprise yet succeeded. Noble projects as the Crusades may have been, they failed because the enthusiasm of their promoters outstripped their calmer good sense. It is surprising that they accomplished so much in spite of cabals, intrigues, and jealousies of their promoters. The French Revolution was not so damnable because of its end but because of the crazy method to which Frenchmen had recourse. They began by battering down the Bastille only to end in guillotining Robespierre. The cries of *Vive la France* were soon drowned by yells of *Long live the Devil* and *Down with the Im-*

*pious.* Frenchmen knew not their folly till Paris had run with blood. They wondered then where it would end, but possessing little sense and less insight, they hoped the impossible, that the question might solve itself, and recommenced their work of Hell. France has still to learn that life's problems to be solved, must be solved rightly.

Since therefore, "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart," it becomes an imperative duty that we learn to be sensible. This requires patience and study. Our schools today are too often employed in *developing* geniuses at the expense of ordinary minds. In placing a premium upon knowledge we are apt to go to extremes. After all it is not always the prize winners of college who are the prize winners in real life. The great danger is that self-appreciation degenerates into self-conceit, and from this self-conceit false ideals are born. We quote Longfellow's "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime." With Poe we are but too often apt to be "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before," forgetful that a more unhappy man than Poe perhaps never lived.

It is popular fallacy to think famous lives successful lives, since, indeed, nothing is more remote from the truth. History proves beyond a cavil of doubt that there is more of tragedy and failure in the most famous lives than in the lives of the lowliest. I cannot refrain from quoting here the words which Zangwill makes the dying Heine say:

"Ah me, it is after all so much better to be stupid and walk in the old, laid-out, well-trimmed paths than to wander after the desires of your own heart and your own eyes over the blue hills. True there are glorious vistas to explore, and streams of living silver to bathe in and wild horses to catch by the mane, but you are in a chartless land without stars or compass. One false step and you are over a precipice or up to the neck in a slough. Ah, it is perilous to throw over the old surveyors. I see Moses ben Amram, with his measuring-chain and his graving-tools, marking on those stone tables of his the deepest abysses and the muddiest morasses. When I kept swine I used to say, 'Teach man he's divine the knowledge of his divinity will inspire him to manifest it.' Ah me, I see now that our divinity is like old Jupiter's, who made a beast of himself as soon as he saw pretty Europa. No, no, humanity is too weak and too miserable. We must have faith—we cannot live without faith—in the old simple things, the eternal God, the dear old Bible, a life beyond the grave." Yet Heine was one of the greatest of German geniuses.

Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, O'Connell, Burke, Windhorst, Washington, Lincoln, what think you, were theirs happy lives? No, for even the noble great are not happy men. Washington had his Valley Forge as well as his triumphal entry. Success did not always crown O'Connell or Windhorst. Their paths were never of roses.

Unfortunately there are those who would sacrifice happiness for fame, who are willing that life

be a failure if only the failure be brilliant. With such it certainly is hard to argue. Even the sweetest picture cannot charm them. Why tell them how beautiful a sight it is to see mortals dispensing kindness about them, helping their neighbors with kindly smiles, silently going about their business, forgetting wrongs they have received and kindnesses they have done, in fine, never pain-ing any creature. Yet, though lives such as this be not stupendously sublime, they surely are charmingly beautiful.

Without Common Sense the brightest intellect can make but “wild efforts to reach the beauty above.” Had Keats and Byron and Shelley and Poe been more sensible what incomparable good might not they have done.

The predominating class today are the *clever* men. These are the “Class B” winners of Life’s stakes. *Cleverness* is replacing Common Sense. Yet our great men were hardly ever *clever* men. Sound sense was the great cause of Washington’s success. It shone through his every act; witness his letters to Congress and his address to his Catholic fellow-patriots. Americans lack no shin-ing examples of good sense. Among those whose life exerts most influence over our mode of thought and action none is more prominent than the serene figure of the “Father of his Country.” Washington was a man of neither “liberal education nor wonderful talents.” His biographer tells us that “he showed no inclination to the study of languages, belles-lettres, or rhetoric.” Indeed his education would scarcely merit in this end of the century

the appellation of "common school." His early training consisted of the lessons imparted by his mother, "who was endowed with plain, direct, good sense, thorough conscientiousness and prompt decision." We are inclined to marvel at the character of the youthful Washington when told that at the age of fifteen he completed a code of morals and manners for his own use.

Like Washington were Lincoln, Jefferson, and Franklin. Such then were America's greatest sons. They were no idle dreamers. If they knew how to evolve elaborate and gigantic schemes, their schemes were not Utopian. Common Sense in no wise handicaps genius. It is genius' hand-maid. Every losing cause may be forced to succeed where Common Sense assists genius, but even a winning cause may be lost by a want of good sense. Little men, mean men, are seldom sensible men. To find these contemptible bits of humanity we need not seek long. Where there is a really noble man we find them hovering about him, tormenting him with their petty stings, their taunts and their ridicule. This earth would scarcely be the vale of tears it is, were it not for these men of Lilliput. Now a sensible man may have views of his own, but he honors his neighbors' as well. He may not possess the truth, but he is also slow to persecute it.

We are told so often to be "manly men." And to be a "manly man" does not of necessity mean to be a genius or a master but rather a "symmetrical man" whose education is as finely balanced as the mechanism of a watch. Order is Nature's first

law and sinned against Nature takes terrible revenge. There ought therefore be no undue development of one faculty to the detriment of the other. The mind, the heart, the body, ought all to be educated. Then we would become men of Common Sense. Take as your models Washington and Lincoln. Humanitarians they were not, and yet their hearts ached, their minds labored, and their hands were ever willing to further the cause of good. Let your motto ever be, "Temperance in all things." For the earnest man who struggles to make life pleasant old Polonius' words have still a true ring:

"See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

## THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Why bide I in the false and fragrant thrall  
Whose voice can make me ravish the hoar head  
Of Temperance of its white locks? Hath fled  
That sober reason which should govern all?  
I feel the passion of thy presence pall  
The chambers of my ghost where flows the red  
And sparkling stream of life. To thee I'm wed  
By faith and love; yet must I heed the call  
Of duty and the doctor. They stern say  
That we henceforth must tread a severed way.  
I to the right, thou to the left shall stray  
I flee the devil, seeking the deep sea,  
For there both duty and the doctor be.  
Aroint thee, pipe, I'll walk no more with thee.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

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CEDRIC THE SAXON.

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WE cannot help admiring the capabilities of a writer who poured forth poetry in abundance and drew his novels as from an inexhaustible fountain. Scott, certainly, belongs to this class of writers. He not only followed the great masters in their poetic walks, but even opened the way to a new field. His novels likewise bear the stamp of originality.

Though Scott holds the attention of his readers; though he artfully, even masterly arranges incidents; though his characters are most minutely depicted; yet he lacks the perfection of a needful quality: a more masterly sketch of prominent characters. His mode of acquainting us with persons is not always pleasing, though the persons themselves stand clearly before our mind,

Another fault is his bigoted disposition toward Catholics. Scott not only wounds by covered sarcasm, but very often by straight attacks. If Scott needed Christian characters it is unjust to introduce the worst as models and representatives of their faith.

The character of Cedric is one of the foremost because around it cluster the principal events as well as the numerous allusions to language and history of that time.

Cedric is the representative of the Saxon race. He is the mirror in which are reflected the trials, struggles, defeat, and victory of the Saxon element

in England. Scott seems to be already preinclined to the side of Cedric, since he favors him whenever possible; he extols his good qualities and causes the less good ones or his imperfections to originate from circumstances over which the Saxon has no control. Cedric stands always in the light, and when a shadow happens to strike him Scott applies his magic lantern to overpower darkness.

"He stands up so firmly for the privileges of his race that he is universally called Cedric the Saxon."

This is the wide yet minute characteristic of Cedric. Being a thorough Saxon he is known by his good qualities: hospitality, care for Rowena, care for his household, loyalty to his nation, bravery in danger, open-heartedness; and also by his shortcomings: obstinacy in submitting to Norman authority, rashness in banishing Ivanhoe, besides those characteristics peculiar to his race.

The strongest mark that stamped him a staunch Saxon was his unrelenting adherence to national claims, tongue, and usages. Cedric could hardly endure the sound of French without flying into passion. Yet, while in company with strangers he knew how to temper his rising anger whenever this sore spot was touched.

Though Cedric himself confessed: "Our bards are no more; our deeds are lost in those of another race; our language, our very name is hastening to decay;" yet how bravely did he uphold the honor of this tottering nation when attacked by John and his proud courtiers. The nobles, as if by unanimous consent, darted with unlimited freedom their

invectives at Cedric. Like coward dogs they jumped around a wounded, defenseless wolf, inflicting hasty wounds. But they underrated the enduring powers of their deeply wounded victim; for Cedric not only extricated himself and his offended race, but even set these witty men to greater shame than they perhaps ever underwent.

This is certainly a masterly picture of the Norman and Saxon rising in combat against each other. The Norman was favored with success and forced even his own speech upon Saxon lineage; but shortly after fortune's kind hand raised the Saxon to greater glory than he had ever witnessed. The nation and its language almost extinguished and forgotten rose again from the grave, in a regenerated, refined, and elevated state.

Another prominent characteristic of Cedric is his unbounded hospitality. His thoughts and feelings are ever against Normans, but hospitality embraces even his greatest enemies. He shuns those topics of national claims lest his anger might be roused. The wide extent of his hospitality is best manifested when the Jew enters. Upon the remark of the Templar to refuse all comfort to a member of the scattered tribe Cedric nobly replies: "Peace, my worthy guests, my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislike."

Cedric took scrupulous care in the management of his household affairs. He not only procured all necessaries for his servants, but even condescended to acknowledge their services in a special manner. A true gratitude he showed toward Wamba, but a more generous one towards Gueth.

Cedric was furthermore a jealous guardian of Rowena. He loved her with fraternal affection for her beauty, noble qualities and virtues, specially on account of her royal descent. Though he planned and labored many years for the accomplishment of his desires, yet he was foiled in the attempt. His race had been fated to wear the collar of servitude, not to wield the sceptre.

Dauntless bravery was with Cedric an inborn virtue. He evinced his strength and readiness both against outlaws and knights. So generous was this Saxon that he would rather receive blows and encounter greater danger than see others exposed; he would rather save his relative than himself. In critical moments his mental faculties were as weak as his bodily strength was overpowering. When driven by Wamba to dissimulation, he hesitated, because it was against his better nature and also because he was unable to extricate himself from difficult situations. Cedric knew his own weakness and readily acknowledged inferiority in tactics and ingenuity. As long as the Saxon remained outside the field of mental display, he was a hero; but overleaping the range of physical means the hero became an ignorant knave.

A good example of this is given in his meeting with Ulrica. He could not alleviate the troubled state of her soul, because he was ignorant of the workings of a human heart.

Though his mind was bent on the reinstatement of the Saxon dynasty, he knew when and to whom it would be advisable to speak.

“Richard, a Norman, the first in arms and

place, the best and noblest of his race." It is hardly to be believed that Cedric gave utterance to such laudable assertions. But the same tongue shortly after spoke thus: "To Norman blood my knee has never bent." Cedric was convinced of the valor and prudence of Richard; hence he spoke but the truth. However, his stubborn Saxon pride, his unbounded, excessively enthusiastic longing for Saxon supremacy would not permit an act of royal courtesy. The Norman yoke rested on strong but unwilling shoulders.

Cedric's measures against his son appear harsh and unjust; it almost seems that his natural love had been extinguished entirely. Was it wrong for Rowena to prefer Ivanhoe? or is Cedric to be justified in forcing his son to act contrary to his feelings? The father's love was yet alive; it glowed like fire under a heap of ashes, only waiting for a strong blast to break out again in flames. The only obstacle was his idea of replacing the dynasty in the lineage of Alfred the Great.

Ivanhoe is a romance of classic interest. Scott's diction, though there occur various obsolete forms, is free, easy, and fluent: it might be taken as a model composition in narration. The story proceeds rapidly, with giant strides, and is very interesting throughout.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

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## CASEY AND THE CAPTAIN.

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THE boys of "hilarious Co. F!" were a jolly lot. They were the soul of the lonely prairie fort. "To the honest, fun loving, fighters of Co. F. whose betters never trippled a canteen" was the slogan of every mess, that had the wherewithal to pass, in the expressive phrase of the barrack room, a "corking time." But like many another Co. F. had the misfortune of being badly officered. True, the officers were well up in their matter, and one, the Captain, had led his class at West Point. Neither of these merits softened the naked fact that the officers of Co. F. were cruel to the point of inhumanity. "Shure, you'd think we weren't Americans at all, at all; the way the rights are thramped on," Dennis Donohue often said. "Be the piper that played before Moses, but it's meself that wishes bad cess to thim all," and Dennis' prayer found an echo in all the hearts of Co. F.

These men were not all of mean intelligence. Probably all could read, and some few even made just pretensions to scholarship. Their quarters often listened to discussions on current questions that would put to the blush the moribund editorials of our daily papers, and I, being the correspondent of a paper in the East, often found myself remarking how well their strong rosy English contrasted with the stale style of the learned fossils back in civilization. Nothing of importance turning up in the Sioux trouble, which my superiors had sent

me out to write up, I spent the time in storing up a few facts that might come handy for my paper some time when "copy" was short.

Every day since my coming I had been witness to outrages that must seem vastly overdrawn to the casual reader. The five hours of drill was the time of especial torture. Under the parching sun, whose rays blanched every green thing and stilled the song of the birds, that regiment of a thousand men wheeled and melted and silently cursed the devils that rode about on horses, and leered at their distress. Appeal to the colonel? They knew the folly of that. Colonel Turner held that discipline had to be maintained though the heavens perish. As well might they appeal to the big, black-bellied cannon on the parade ground that bore a tablet eulogizing the patriotism of the gun squad that operated it during the civil war. "Iv they treated thim patriots as they doo us, it's sorry a bit of paytriot, o'll ever be; it's a picayune business, it is that." Private Donohue reflected every time he read the inscription. "Discipline" was the magic word on the lips of every officer. "You can never make a cur docile if you don't kick it," laughed the big, brute captain of Co. F., the honor man of West Point. Secure in his villainy, every officer strove to excel in tyranny; each used persecution peculiar to himself. Captain Harding held his men at a carry for hours, and the poor tired muscles holding the gun could scarcely be allowed a twitch for fear of extra and worse hours in irons. A beggardly few had purchased a cowardly freedom from physical servitude only to

fall into a still more despicable moral thrallodom by their disgusting fawning; human hounds! Still the majority were unwavering, and on their devoted heads fell the added share of abuse that would ordinarily have gone to the cowards.

One day I shall never forget because of several tragic incidents which then took place. It chanced to be the occasion of a general review, and as usual the whole garrison turned out to witness it. The picture was most pleasing to the eye. Under a clump of trees, which had been shoved and coaxed into foliage by several successive commandants, was a small grand stand. Here were gathered the wives and daughters of the officers to witness really brilliant manoeuvring. Their fluffy white gowns, the blare of the bands, and the long line of privates in immaculate duck trowsers and light blue coats imparted a feeling at once restful and expectant. But under those coats of blue were slumbering fires of hate that consumed the very hearts of their wearers.

Suddenly silence. Then the clear piercing note of a clarionet, and lo, all is changed. The men, spurred for once into liking for their work by the bright eyes and sympathetic hearts in the stand, wheel and circle and wheel again with a grace and precision simply astounding. A faint sound of hand-clapping comes from the stand, and the glad light in the men's eyes tells how keenly they relish the pretty compliment. Of a sudden all was still. A sense of impending horror dropped over the scene. A private named Casey, of Co. F., had by accident knocked off a button from his

coat. To be minus a button during the drill was a criminal offense at Fort Meyer. All, therefore, who saw Captain Harding walk toward the offending Casey knew that something unusual was imminent. A loud cry of horror broke from a thousand throats as the captain, a man of grand build, struck the private a resounding slap square in the face with the palm of his hand. Not a man among them all but would have preferred a bullet through the heart to the shame of that slap. Casey, strong man that he was, staggered under it; his face paled from the strength of emotions excited by the blow. From my point of view, I could see the strong features struggling, and the black eyes flashing lightnings at the head before him. The face of Casey marked him for a man in a million. I thought the very devil must have quailed under the fire of the scorn and majesty that glanced and splintered from those wonderful eyes. Yet Harding seemed unscathed. His bold, leonine countenance never varied. Surely this man was not susceptible of human influences. For full a minute, these two strong men, owning strength of so widely different type, looked into each other's faces, and then the captain turned and resumed his position. At intervals I noticed the flood of feeling that surged over the body of the man Casey, seeming to sway him with its intensity. Then, dismissal was sounded; the officers joined the ladies, and the men went to the barracks.

This Casey was the mystery of Fort Meyer. He never chose to enlighten anyone concerning his past, and no one was bold enough to ask him. It

was whispered about that he had studied for the priesthood, but had been dropped by his bishop for an indiscretion committed in a whirl of passion. I myself often saw him pouring over a worn Homer with evident pleasure. This lent much color to the priesthood theory. Then the episode of the drill showed that the elementary passions of the man were tremendous, and might easily lead him into a rash act, if ever they mastered his unequalled self-control. Altogether it was very probable he had once aspired to the priesthood. Perhaps the quenching of his youthful ambition and the extinction of the rain-bow promise that gleamed so brightly in his youth had done more to make sad the noble face than Harding's tyranny. At all events it was clear that the fire of a great sorrow had consumed him, and left only the ashes of his first self behind. The insult of the drill was but one of many, the capping of a weary row of taunts, unjust burdens, such as the blacking of Harding's shoes and a score of menial services. Casey's patience served but to madden the Captain. Here was a man that rose above bulldog grit, that spurned him with a strange endurance. Experience is a great teacher; Casey had learned from it to conquer himself. As a result he was the particular butt of the Captain's spite.

When the men reached the barracks after drill, they began to discuss the incident of the drill. In their own quarters the privates were under no restraint; here their wrath burst forth, and many a time was Harding wished God-speed to the lowest pit of hell. Private Donohue had

strung together a few lines for occasions of this kind. The chorus ran thus:

“When the captain brave comes down below  
We'll all be there with a fork, yo-ho!  
And a knife for the captain brave.  
And we'll use the fork to roast him well  
In the blue and yellow fires of hell  
We'll toast the captain brave.  
And when he's done, we'll start to slash  
Till the captain's body is army hash.  
Will he then be the captain brave?”

The song was sung to the echo; they seemed to take a fiendish delight in it. After the song a burly man leaped upon a table, and exhorted the men to remember Casey, if they were called out to put down the Sioux uprising. He said: “If you are in a scrimmage and Harding is about, a gun might go off, and its bullet mightn't lodge in a Sioux either.” Immediately his meaning was caught and a wild cheering set up. “If I was Casey, I'd pump somebody full of lead,” he continued, “if I had to hang on Haman's gibbet for it.”

In fact it was the opinion that Casey kept account of his wrongs and would settle some time. A knife between the shoulders on a dark night would square everything. For a witness against him from the officers, he had a dozen for him among the privates.

Just then someone declared in a scream that he could never stand such abuse. The words seemed to awaken Casey, who had been sitting off in a corner, oblivious of his surroundings. “Stand it,” he repeated, “men, you must stand everything.” Then seeing a case-knife he bared his

arm and balanced it thereon. With a whirl he sent the glistening blade gnawing into the white, sound flesh through nerves and veins without even a quiver of a muscle. Astonishment sat on every face. Casey's act had appealed to their sense of grandeur.

"That man's vengeance will be no soft one," said the cavalry-man as Casey bound his arm with a handkerchief, and left the room.

That night a scouting party of ten went out in charge of Captain Harding to reconnoitre the position of the hostile Sioux. Among the ten were Casey, myself, and the cavalry-man. Our mission accomplished, we rode leisurely toward the fort. Some ten miles from the fort a cattle trail branched from the main road; though only two or three horsemen could conveniently travel together on it, the distance was much shorter by it than by the beaten road. As the captain was anxious to get to his cups before morning, he commanded the cavalry-man to accompany him, and gave over the charge of the remaining eight to a corporal.

"I don't know but some bloody son-of-a-gun-of-a-Sioux buck might be layin' along the trail. Here's Casey; he 'aint afraid of a whole tribe of 'em. You'd better take him."

Ordinarily this answer would have sent the Captain into a towering rage. He probably saw through the case, but realizing that to refuse the request would be a sign of weakness, he assented without more ado. As the sound of their horses' hoofs died away in the darkness along the trail,

the cavalry-man remarked: "I warrant Casey 'll scrub the Captain's floor no more."

His prophesy was true.

I waited for Casey and the Captain that night in vain. When the men heard the story of the night before, they grinned significantly at one another. Casey had probably knifed the Captain and made his escape across the prairies.

A searching party was at once sent out for the missing.

"Begorra," said Donohue, as the sun, red and broadfaced, streamed across the ocean of yellow prairie grass, "o'im thinkin' the fellow beyant there 'ill be takin' his first peep through the Captain's carcass this mornin'." A ringing round of laughter greeted this sally; Harding evidently had no mourners here. We rode a merry chip; about three miles out someone discerned what seemed the body of a man some hundred rods ahead; it proved to be the Captain's body; under it lay—all that was mortal of Private Casey. Even in death the Captain was master. Several small streams of blood showed where the lives of Casey and Harding had escaped. A pencil held limp in the Captain's hand attracted my attention; by the body lay a red memorandum; I picked it up, and seeing the expectancy of the soldiers, read out these last words of the Captain, written by him in the cold star-light, face to face with the God he had wronged. The long, dewy grass had fallen on the open page, partially obscuring the faint, irregular lines.

"Casey and I were riding in file, Casey lead-

ing, for I thought he meant murder, then I heard a shout, and there rushed through the night the 'ping of a bullet. A sharp pain struck my side; I fell to the ground and everything was blank. When I awoke two great fiery eyes were gazing into mine. It was Casey. I cannot tell the horror I felt; he had nursed me to life that my torture might be the keener, that I might suffer as he had; the eyes flashed in the night like burning gems; the fire of hate was in them. My head was held in his hands; my hell had begun. Then Casey spoke and hell was gone again, in its place came Heaven. Casey's was the voice of the angels; for it was not he that shot, as I had thought. Sioux bullets had taken us off. It was my foul soul read hell where Heaven dwelled. In short, Casey baptized me with the water in his flask,—I don't think I was before. He told me of the Christ-Heart, of the ocean of love that pulses in it and yearns for the erring. How sweet his voice was, sweeter than the stars above in whispering adoration, than the night wind that swept above us, telling their love. All those weary months of insult Casey took into his heart, and made them golden, and gave them to the Christ-Heart for my wretched self. Casey was weaker than I thought. Bravely he pillow'd my head on his breast; and died with the name of Him he loved so well on his lips.

Strange shadows float about me, but they are joyous. Soon my spark of life will go out, and I shall be with Casey in the Christ-Heart. Dear Boys of Co. F.—let me call you so—forgive me, if you can, as God and Casey have."

The red morning glow rested on the cheeks of the soldiers—tanned as brown as the sage-brush that stretched away on all sides—and lighted up the tears that sparkled in the brown for Casey and the Captain. Private Donohue broke the silence. “Faix, an’ its loike Father Maloney used to preach whin oi was wun of the childer in the ould sod. I dunno but oi’ll be dacint afther this, though the devil be fernist me!” Casey had not died in vain.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, ‘99.

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DE MUSSET'S ETOILE DE L'AMOUR.

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Ah, star of love, if you must die,  
The golden glory of your hair  
Plunge to the sea, fade from the sky,  
O tarry yet a soft space where  
You brightly burn on high.

MANXMAN.

## MATERNAL LOVE.

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(From the German.)

And though misfortune's heavy hand  
Upon your youth be roughly pressing,  
Though many dreams of fairy land  
Your soul had cherished are regressing:  
You are not poor; oh, make no moan,  
You still retain the greatest treasure,  
A mother's heart you call your own,  
Still true and warm with love's full measure.

Regard not hope that's dead and cold,  
Nor flowers of life too early faded,  
Your mother's countenance behold,  
Her look with clemency pervaded:  
Her hair is tinged with gleams of grey  
From heavy care abating never;  
Consolingly her eye will say:  
Maternal love is young forever.

Her heart is ne'er of solace bare,  
How'er severe a lot may press you;  
If no more fit your work to share,  
A mother's hand can always bless you.  
If she no longer as of yore  
In duty true can yield protection,  
Her help will fail you nevermore:  
A mother's prayer wards off dejection.

You are not poor, then make no moan,  
You still retain the greatest treasure,  
A mother's heart you call your own,  
Still true and warm with love's full measure.

When it will be forever still,  
Her spirit yet will round you hover:  
A mother's love and prayer you will  
Alive beyond the stars discover.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98.

## THE RELIC CHAPEL.

---

MARIA STEIN, OHIO.

EVERY well instructed Catholic knows that the Church desires us to honor the relics of the saints. The Church wishes this, "because they are precious memorials of our best friends; because the bodies of the saints having been instruments of virtue and members of Jesus Christ, will rise again in glory; because it has pleased God to glorify these sacred remains by miracles, and because they excite devotion and encourage us in our efforts to imitate the virtues of those with whom they are associated."

Great respect has been shown to the relics of our Lord and His saints by the Church in all ages. Pilgrimages to the tombs of the saints are common throughout entire Europe. In America, however, the case is different. Notable relics are few and pilgrimages rare. But there is one rich collection in the United States, namely that in the Relic Chapel at the convent of the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood at Maria Stein, Ohio. Maria Stein is one of the many small, but prosperous villages of that section of North Western Ohio, embracing parts of Mercer, Auglaize, Shelby, and Darke counties, and inhabited by thrifty, industrious German Catholics. This priceless treasure came to our country, and into the possession of the Sisters of Maria Stein in the following manner:

In 1872 the churches and convents of Italy

were being confiscated and pillaged by the Robber King, and the pawn shops of Rome were filled with holy and valuable vessels, the repositories of sacred relics. Through the efforts and zeal of the religious orders and secular clergy many of them were saved, and the larger portion placed in the custody of the Holy See. At this time Rev. J. M. Gartner, of the diocese of Milwaukee, a Missionary Priest of the Sacred Heart, was in Rome. Knowing that America contained very few relics, he exerted himself to gain possession of some of those saved from the hands of the plunderers. Aided by friends, and especially favored by Cardinal Patrici, Prefect of the Curia, and Vicar General of His Holiness, Pius IX., the endeavors of this zealous priest were the means of securing a number of these precious objects of veneration for the Church in America. There was but one condition attached to the grant and that was that they should be accorded proper honor in the New World. By the advice of Father Anderlady, Assistant General of the Society of Jesus, Father Gartner journeyed to Venice to enrich his collection, if possible, from the famous reliquary of that city. Through the intercession of the Austrian Consul General and Envoy Extraordinary, and the favor of His Eminence, the Cardinal Patriarch Trevisanato, his most sanguine hopes were realized and he was able to bring home with him a treasure, the like of which the New World had never seen, but which was destined to receive a rich addition later on, made by Bishop Dwenger of Ft. Wayne when he led the first American Pil-

grimage to Lourdes and Rome. At first it was Father Gartner's intention to distribute the relics among the various Cathedrals and churches of religious communities throughout the country. Upon arriving in New York he placed them in the church of the Most Holy Redeemer in that city, where they were visited by great numbers of the faithful. His Eminence, Cardinal McClosky, expressed it as his opinion that it were a pity to divide such a treasure as the church or chapel which possessed it would of necessity become a place of pilgrimage. After exposing them for public veneration in Baltimore, Cincinnati, and other cities, Father Gartner decided to adopt the advice of the Cardinal and not separate the relics. He consulted several experienced ecclesiastics and, acting upon their advice, concluded to deposit them in the chapel at Maria Stein. He intentionally omitted to publish notice of his determination in the Catholic newspapers at the time, nor did he solicit the aid of the clergy in making it known. Nevertheless the number of pilgrims that annually visited the relics was very great. They came from all points of the country and the community chapel was soon too small to accommodate them and an addition was built to it. This in turn failed to meet the requirements of the ever increasing number of pilgrims and in 1889 a new building was begun comprising a novitiate, church and chapel. In June 1890 Archbishop Elder laid the corner stone and on November 22nd, 1892, dedicated the new building and transferred the relics in a most solemn manner from the old chapel to the new.

Each relic is incased in an appropriate receptacle of gold or silver with a glass front, closed at the back with red silk and sealed with the seal of the Apostolic curia, patriarch, or respective bishop. This seal agrees perfectly with the episcopal emblem and seal attached to the document testifying to its authenticity which accompanies and describes each relic. In case the seal were obliterated or injured, the silk torn, the glass broken, or the document of authenticity lost, the relic could not be exposed for veneration on any altar, though the persons having it in custody were ever so certain of its authenticity. All this is in accord with the regulations of the council of Trent, to prevent fraud or abuse.

The chapel itself is very beautiful; the paintings that decorate the walls are works of art. The windows are of Munich manufacture and cost one thousand dollars each. In the sanctuary are three altars and on these rest the relics, more than two hundred in number. Among them are relics of our Lord and His Blessed Mother; of all the apostles and evangelists; of many early martyrs; of doctors of the Church and of saints of every age. There is not one relic in the chapel that has not an interesting history. On the main altar is a particle of the True Cross, with papal seal, enclosed in a costly ostensorium. Attached to this ostensorium are eight golden vessels containing parts of articles which Jesus touched or used during His life and passion. We find a part of the manger, a piece from the table used at the Last Supper, a piece from the pillar where He was

scourged, a shred of His garment for which the soldiers cast lots, a part of His winding sheet, and a small fragment from the Holy Sepulchre. But the relic that most reminds us of His passion and death is a thorn from the crown, showing traces of the Precious Blood. This thorn is supposed to be from the middle of the crown. It was obtained at Venice. There is also prominently displayed a fac-simile of a nail used in the crucifixion, in which are placed particles from the True Nails. A piece of the purple cloak with which Christ was mockingly invested after His scourging is shown. A blood spot can be distinctly seen, but its original color has vanished. Other relics of the passion that attract universal interest and veneration are a thread from the towel of St. Veronica, a small piece of the sponge which the soldiers saturated with vinegar and gall and presented to our dying Savior, and a piece of the cord with which they bound Him; indeed, there is hardly a relic of the passion in existence a part of which is not to be found in the beautiful ostensorium on the main altar. Besides the relics of Christ there are several memorials of the Blessed Virgin. There is a considerable piece of the sash, or girdle, worn by her; at present its color is violet, but originally it was dark blue. A small piece of her veil and several fragments from the Holy House of Loretto may also be seen.

Adorning the altars are beautiful statues of St. Aloysius, St. Anthony of Padua, and other saints, in each of which there is placed a relic of the saint. Beneath the altar of the Sacred Heart,

which is on the epistle side, the body of St. Victoria is inclosed in a glass case. Other relics of more than ordinary interest are: a piece of the tunic of St. Joseph; a particle of bone from the head of St. John, the Baptist; relics of St. Anna and St. Joachim, parents of the Blessed Virgin; of SS. Zachary and Elisabeth, parents of St. John, the Baptist; a piece of clothing of St. John, the Apostle; and several bones of the Holy Innocents. Some of those preserved at Rome, Venice, Madrid, Paris, Prague, and other cities, remain to this day incorrupt. In addition to the relics of all the apostles and evangelists, the holy Magi, and other saints mentioned above, there are relics, principally particles of bones, of more than one hundred and thirty canonized servants of God. Represented in this list one finds the following familiar names: St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Alphons Ligouri, St. Ambrose, St. Bonaventure, St. Jerome, St. Francis de Sales, and other Doctors of the Church. Among the martyrs there are St. Boniface, St. Urban, St. Blase, St. John, SS. Cosmas and Damian, St. Felix, St. Christopher, St. Eugene, St. George, St. Sebastian, and St. Vincent. Of holy confessors we have St. Patrick, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Nicholas, St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assissi, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Dominic, St. Francis Bor-gia, St. Stanislaus Kostka, St. Philip Neri, St. Francis Xavier, St. Aloysius, St. John Berchmans St. Louis, and St. Henry. In the class of virgins and widows occur the names of St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, St. Lucy, St. Theodora, St. Ursula and

Companions, St. Anastasia, St. Catharine, St. Margaret, St. Clara, St. Rose of Lima, St. Martha, St. Theresa, St. Mary of Cleophas, St. Veronica, St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Monica.

When we consider how faithful Christians in the Old World have undertaken long and wearisome pilgrimages to honor the memory or seek the intercession of some saint, we can truthfully say that a visit to the Relic Chapel is worth a journey across the continent, for here we have relics of not one but many saints, and of our Lord Himself. Go there any hour of the day or night and you will find some of the Sisters adoring our Eucharistic Lord and honoring His saints in their reliques. Truly, "No place is holier than this on the New Continent."

JOHN F. COGAN, '96.



**THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN**  
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
 DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

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 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

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EDITORIALS.

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It is a pity that so many men of parts will persist in turning truth inside out. Nearly all of the magazine writers, for instance, who are now trying to diagnose Spain's illness make this trick a specialty. Among the featiest performers is Mr. Irving Babbit. In his paper—Lights and Shades

'of Spanish Character—the statements have so keen an appetite one for another that the delectable story of the Kilkenny cats finds a worthy rival. The article is prefaced thus modestly:

"There is something enigmatical in the make-up of the Spaniard,—*du je ne sais quoi.*"

Then follow eight pages of what he does know, and those that read them must agree that there are a few grains of wholesome truth in Mr. Babbit's confession of ignorance at the beginning of his paper. Of course the capacity of Irving Babbit as a man of letters is admitted. Still a man that talks seriously of "Jesuit poison, the stultifying effects of holy water," and that sort of things ought not to have space in a magazine enjoying a fame for broad culture. Thorough scholars everywhere see the foaminess of these charges and treat them as jokes. When a lie is pointed out to the offending editor, he is usually politic enough to write a little note in the following strain:

"We certainly regret this unpleasantness, as we try to keep inaccuracies from our magazine," or some such unctious epistle which means when translated: "My X-ray eye sees several rupees in your pocket that would beautify the lining in mine, so I shall not be so foolish as to insult you. I am not the virtuous man that would not lie for a dollar." When one reads such fables he cannot stifle a prayer that Jupiter send a stout-limbed pugilistic Mercury to impart a healthy kick to Mr. Editor where it would do the most good and increase and bear fruit a hundred fold for the good of his bigoted venal soul.

It is an interesting study to observe the books most read in the student library. Through it flows a rhythmical flood of thought that makes known the condition of the mental man as clearly as the ebb and flow through the pulses betrays the state of the physical man. It must be confessed that the scanning of our own library does not give us occasion to exploit the catholicity of local taste, as we would like to do. In fact local taste is so densely given to a certain class of novels that the COLLEGIAN is heartily ashamed of its narrowness. The books that become dog-eared from hard use are the works of Crawford, Stevenson, Hope, and their kind. It is not now germane to discuss whether novel-reading be a good thing for a student. Even the most charitable must admit that the reading of novels to the exclusion of other forms of literature is accompanied with bad effects. The person that "does" a novel a day can scarcely be assumed to have an eye for the fine points of his subject; for a novel, I make bold to say, requires to be studied more than a poem or an essay, if we will have thorough pleasure from it. In a poem we admire the line, the phrasery, the image, and have done with them; which is indeed a task that asks intellect, but not in so great a degree as does the novel. The novels of Marion Crawford, for instance, and to be more specific, Crawford's Mr. Isaacs, is a voucher for my proposition. Here we may discover by study the trick of giving atmosphere to characters, and attaining the spirit of the abstract through the concrete; here also we may admire structural unity and, best of all, the

knack of delaying the touch that gives structural unity to the last chapter. Subtlety and perseverance are absolutely necessary to ferret out the elusive elements that make for unity in a novel, and yet it is only by knowing these elements and their correlation that we can arrive at the central idea of the novel. Skimming over a novel, thrilling at the dramatic situations, and hastening on to the consummation, adds nothing to the work of culture. Ability to read a novel rightly supposes an apprenticeship in other branches of literature. The entity called literature is a democracy of the most radical kind and unless we give to every man in it his due, they all are aggrieved and yield their treasure with scant grace. An acquaintance with the men who left us thoughts that will sparkle on the forefinger of all time should be among the things most coveted by the student. When we give general, catholic, homage, a strong and normal pulse will evidence itself in the library—the pulse of our mental life.

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There died in London the month past one of the foremost of modern novel-builders. In more ways than one Harold Frederic has made good a claim to that breadth of humanity, nimble observation, and other woof from which men weave immortality. Harold Frederic was scarcely what might be called a prolific writer; his love of excellence forbade his being so. In this respect he was almost as strict with himself as the poet Verlaine, suffering nothing to reach the pressman before reaching the fine contour of a marble Venus.

His plan of building a book helped him to a marvelous clearness of expression. His stories were always of his own people and of his own environment. It is said that the germ of "In the Valley" came to him some twenty years before that book was finished. All the intervening years were spent in getting into firm acquaintance with his characters. This fineness of literary conscience was rewarded with a style as clear as the "blonde moon" of autumn, and having withal the mystic something, the elusive wistfulness that informs the writing of a master. Though having to do with that kind of psychology so much affected by moderns Frederic was not so morbid as the common run of his kind. "The Damnation of Theron Ware" is his most grawsome study. Father Forbes, "a lover of luxury and learning," Celia Madden, and Theron Ware are the chief actors in this vivid tale of Theron's downfall; her wonderful red hair and the Grecian spirit she cultivates ensnare Ware, who is thoroughly disgusted with the narrowness of the Methodist flock of which he is the shepherd. Here is part of a passage-at-arms between Theron and a trustee of the parish. "We ain't gone traipsin' after strange gods. We stick by the Discipline an' the ways of our fathers in Israel. No new-fangled notions can go down here. Your wife'd better take them flowers out of her bunnit afore next Sunday. We don't want no book-learnin' or dictionary words in our pulpit. Some folks may stomach 'em; we don't. Them two sermons o' yours, p'r'aps they'd do down in some city place; but they're like your wife's bunnit

here, they're too flowery to suit. What we want to hear is the plain old-fashioned Word of God, without any palaver of hems and ha's. They tell me there's some parts where hell's treated as played-out—where our ministers don't like to talk much about it because people don't want to hear about it. Such preachers ought to be put out. They ain't Methodists at all. What we want here, sir, is straight-out, flat-footed hell—the burnin' lake of fire an' brimstone. Pour it into 'em hot an' strong. We can't have too much of it. Work in them awful death-beds of Voltaire an' Tom Paine, with the Devil right there in the room, reachin' for 'em, an' they yellin' for fright; that's what fills the anxious-seat an' brings in souls hand over fist."

Theron inly chafes at these bonds; and hence is intoxicated with the cigarette-smoking Celia; he is charmed by the richly-colored life of Father Forbes, who is unorthodox and speaks flippantly of the "Christ-myth." He follows them until his degradation is complete, and then is cast off by them, because he is no longer a novelty; and Theron begins life over again in the West.

Frederic's views on many points squared with Catholic doctrine; it was even suspected by some that he would become a Catholic.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

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## EXCHANGES.

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The October XAVIER is taken up largely by the eulogies of the life and conduct of the late Capt. John Drum. That is a beautiful thought contained in "The Captured City." "Our Captain" is a glowing account of the manly character, written as only a stricken friend could write it. "The Power of the Universe" is a highly imaginative composition which is very entertainingly written.

Jubilee verse and prose takes up the greater part of MT. ST. MARY'S RECORD. There is a hidden lesson in Marguerite's "Lines" which he who seeks may find. "Retrospection" is a cleverly written and humorous paper. "Peeping at Japan" and "Queer People I Have Met" are not devoid of interest. It is in the several departments, however, that the RECORD is weak. The Editorials are really nothing but locals. The Exchanges are too superficial in their criticisms. We were disappointed in our hope that the "Search Light" would be extinguished. Alas, vain hopes!

The initial number of the TAMARACK is fully up to the standard which that paper had established for itself last year. "Public Conscience" is an essay in which the subject is ably handled. Mr. Davis' plea seems to be that the individual learn to appreciate the responsibility incumbent upon him. "There is too much shouting of Democratism and Republicanism and Populism and too little acting of Amer-

icanism.'" Still we are inclined to think it a trifle nearer the truth to say that there is too much shouting of Americanism and too little acting upon its principles. "Truly we cannot afford to put away the ideal of Washington and Jefferson until we have a better." That ideal was too great, too broad, too noble for an age, however progressive, to outgrow.

We found pleasure in reading Mr. Melody's paper on "Psychology." Whilst we are sensible that 'twere folly to expect the treatise to be exhaustive in so small a space, we think the writer has attempted to say too much in six pages. Hence it is extremely difficult to keep apace with his reasoning. Somewhat the same fault is much in evidence in "Biography." The style is abstruse and one has on reading the article but a confused idea concerning the whole. For a comprehensive essay on the same subject we advise the writer to look up the April number of the HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

The ALOYSIAN is evidently a warm lover of nature, and *varietas delectat* is its motto. The autumn number in its sombre garb of bronze and maroon is an improvement on the ALOYSIAN'S former self. The tasty cover, however, is but a hint of the sweets contained within. Choice morsels they! We enjoyed reading the letters of the Alumnae very much. They are rich indeed in their refined humour. Still might we not suggest that the ALOYSIAN contain more contributions from its undergraduates. Contributions from Alumnae and friends are, some one has said, all very proper occasionally, but are very out of place when they

are printed to the exclusion of students' work.

A faithful friend is the AGNETIAN MONTHLY. We always await its coming with delightful anticipation. Never are we disappointed. "Things Worth Pondering about Literature" is an essay which well repays the reading. The writer is inclined to quoting too extensively. While to quote intelligently is an art scarcely inferior to that of writing well, when overdone it deprives a composition of its originality.

The one fault to be found in the essay, "Books Will Speak Plain When Councillors Blanch," is perhaps in the title, which, like those of Ruskin, is misleading. "The Story of a Picture" is written in airy vein and is pleasant reading. "Recompense" is verse of merit. The most carefully prepared paper in the MONTHLY is "Some Thoughts about the Exchange Column." It is replete with sensible remarks which every exchange editor should take to heart.

No journal, in our opinion, betrays greater care in the make-up than the STYLUS. There is about it an attractive neatness and a *something* which elicits from the veriest cynic a word of praise. The October number is no exception. "Reminiscences" still please us. "On the Charles" is smooth verse both in the thought contained and in its metre. "Education and Patriotism" is brimful of good sense. There is no undue straining after effect. On reading the article we are more than ever convinced that one to be patriotic need not make a fool of himself. "The War and the Literary Effort" is an original composi-

tion which sounds the praises of honorable journalism. In condemning journalism we must know where to stop. Would that there were many of the Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Crane type of journalists. "Lyric Poetry" goes beneath the surface of things. While "here and there the deep feeling appears, a real lyric poet is hardly to be found." This statement has caused us to wonder whether a mercenary age has brought about the death of the lyric or whether the dearth of the lyric has permitted the more sordid ideals to possess men's minds and hearts. Certain it is that "one cannot but feel that while this poetry is lacking the world is deprived of strong influence to high, honest purpose and a powerful aid to a nobler manhood."

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.



### SOCIETY NOTES.

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C.L.S.—At a meeting held on October the 3rd, 1898, the following students were voted into the Society: Messrs. H. Muhler, J. Seitz, S. Hartman, B. Holler, M. Koester, S. Kremer, R. Monin, B. Staiert. At this meeting Mr. F. Seroczynski assumed the official duties of President.

Oct. 21. This being the anniversary of the organization of the Society, it was celebrated by the rendition of a program that was a genuine literary treat. The Society has set a pace at this first program that, if kept up with, will insure it a happy and prosperous year. The program rendered was as follows:

Inaugural Address, Mr. F. Seroczynski; Humorous Recitation, Mr. H. Fehrenbach; Debate,—Resolved that the United States shall annex all territory acquired in the late war,—Affirmative, Messrs. I. Rapp and W. Hordeman,—Negative, Messrs. V. Muinch and T. Travers. Recitation, Mr. J. Mutch; The Columbian, Mr. C. Uphaus, Editor.

The question of debate was an interesting one and made doubly so by the manner in which the speakers defended its different phases. Those appointed as judges were: The Revs. J. Kubaski P. Schirack, and A. Seifert. All three votes were cast for the Aff. The subject of Mr. F. Seroczynski's inaugural address was "Common Sense." In these days when common sense is outraged so

frequently it was a well chosen and opportune subject, and the composition showed that the speaker himself possesses in a high degree this most excellent quality. Mr. J. Mutch delivered a selection from Tennyson, entitled "Columbus," and did credit to both the author and the subject. Mr. H. Fehrenbach's original productions and the "Paper" always afford the audience a hearty laugh. The band contributed not a little to the pleasure of the evening by the rendition of two beautiful selections.

On Nov. 1st. the following program was given: Recitation, Mr. T. Brackmann; Debate,—Resolved that an alliance with Great Britain is to the interests of the United States,—Affirmative, Messrs. E. Ley and F. Ersing—Negative, Messrs. F. Kuenle and E. Deininger; Recitation, J. Meyer.

The Judges chosen for this debate were Messrs. T. Travers, T. Brackmann, and D. Brackmann. Votes cast were two for the negative and one divided. Music at this program was furnished by the Glee Club. No remarks, please!

The following students were admitted into the Society on October 30th: Messrs. B. Recker, J. Meyer, and J. Clemens.

A.L.S.—At their regular meeting held Sept. 25th, the Aloysians admitted into their Society the following: Messrs. A. McGill, T. Ehinger, B. Horstman, A. Kamm, L. Tansey, O. Kalvelage, W. Schwietermann, W. Flaherty, and B. Nowak.

A private program was given on Sept. 25: Inaugural, Mr. J. Wessel; Declamation, P. Biegel;

Poem, L. Dabbelt; Poem, F. Theobald; The A.L.S. Paper, G. Diefenbach.

The Aloysians presented the first public program of the scholastic year '98-'99 on the evening of Oct. 9th:

Welcome Address, Mr. L. Tansey; Dialogue, Messrs. L. Dabbelt, W. Flaherty and T. Ehinger; Poem, Mr. M. Schwietermann; Dialogue, Messrs. O. Bremerkamp, P. Biegel, and C. Hemsteger; Oration, Mr. B. Nowak; Debate—Resolved that the fear of punishment has a greater influence over human conduct than hope of reward,—Affirmative, Messrs. H. Horstman and A. McGill—Negative, Messrs. F. Garity and L. Walther; After-Piece: Darky Photographer, Mr. G. Diefenbach; Darky Servant, Mr. B. Horstman; Darky Tramp, Mr. J. Keilman.

Mr. J. Keilman in the unique character of an illiterate negro produced much laughter by his happy ‘kind o’ scurious,’ which he used whenever he was puzzled and could not fathom the mysteries of a photographer’s establishment.

MILITARY.—On Oct. 13th the Military was reorganized under the supervision of the newly chosen Chaplain, Father Bonaventure, and Major Kuenle. A mass meeting was called, and the battalion was divided into three divisions as follows: Boebner Columbian Guards (Zouaves), Major Kuenle; Seifert Light Guards (Co. A.), Capt. Hordeman; Walz Cadets (Co. B.), Capt. Arnold.

The Zouaves will continue to exist this year, and under their able commander Major Kuenle, they will, no doubt, reach the proficiency in the

foot and gun tactics heretofore acquired. Promotion from the ranks will not take place till after the first competitive drill.

MARIAN SODALITY. — The Sodality held a meeting on Oct. 16th to hear the result of the Officers' meeting for the appointment of consultants. The following were selected: Messrs. W. Hordeman, J. Seitz, O. Holtschneider, J. Wessel, P. Biegel, I. Rapp, S. Mayer, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, and B. Scherzinger.

WILLIAM ARNOLD, '01,

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#### PERSONALS.

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During the month of October the following have paid us a visit: Oct. 1, Rev. L. Linder, C.P.P.S., Winamac, Ind.; Oct. 5, Rev. P. Lambert, Dunnington, Ind.; Oct. 13, Rev. E. Fritz. C.P.P.S., Oct. 14, Rev. P. Schirack, C.P.P.S.; Oct. 16, Rev. F. Schneider, C.P.P.S.; Oct. 21, Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. B. Dickman C.P.P.S.; Oct. 26, Rev. M. Muehe, C.P.P.S., McCarthyville, O.; Rev. A. E. Manning, Lima, O.

The Rev. P. Schirack arrived in Indiana Oct. 13th and at Collegeville on the 14th, where he will for the future assist in the publication of the Messenger. Rev. F. Schneider, one of our beloved professors, has gone to San Antonio, Texas, for his health. He has the best wishes of both Faculty and students, and we hope to see him soon in our midst again.

WILLIAM ARNOLD, '01.

## BOOK NOTES.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. Benziger Bros. Price, 25c.

There is much good reading matter in the Annual for '99 which makes it well worth the price. Dr. Egan contributes a good story, "The Impossible." Father Girardy's "Thoughts on the Third and Fourth Commandments" will prove valuable reading to the lay-reader. "A Winsome Maid" by Clara Mulholland is a charming story. To our mind "The Passing of Pippa" is the best contribution to the Annual. Still the author's former efforts have taught us to expect naught without merit from her pen. In the Annual are also rehearsed the principal events of the current year. The illustrations are profuse throughout.

MISS ERIN, by M. E. Francis. Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25.

The novel (the writer's maiden effort we suspect) carries the reader into the delightful region of bonny heaths and hills and meadows, Ireland. In it is vividly portrayed the story of Ireland's wrongs, the struggles between landlord and tenant. The book is not without merit, nor yet without faults. The element of the dramatic enters too largely into the story. The author is not an artist of words; repetitions are frequent throughout. More character sketching could have been very profitably introduced.

The volume, typographically and otherwise, is anything but artistic. Wider margins and less gloomy covers would make it much more attractive.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

## ATHLETICS.

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The High School at Rensselaer having challenged St. Joseph's for a series of foot-ball games, our two former teams were formed into one. The High School has a strong team, but St. Joseph's has better chances of success than heretofore. A date for the first game has as yet not been fixed.

Oct. 30th, the "Deweys" bucked up against the "Lions." The players were in the game from beginning to end. The tackling and interference was excellent, especially that of the "Lions." The game was void of wrangling or any unpleasant feature, which fact made it a pleasure to witness the same.

Deweys.	Line Up.	Lions
Schlaechter	L. End	Theobald
Ehinger	L. Tackle	B. Horstman
Garity	L. Guard	Kalvelage
Nowak	Centre	Biegel
Kamm	R. Guard	Flaherty
L. Holtschneider	R. Tackle	C. Hemsteger
Schwieterman	R. End	Diemer
Tansey	Q. Back	Dabbelt
Trentman	L. H. Back	Shenk
Capt. Holtschneider	R. H. Back	Capt. Horstman
Walther	F. Back	Diefenbach

WM. ARNOLD, '99.

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## LOCALS.

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Iocis absentibus, Haec est pars studentibus.

Quick, Tom, go down and help Scrooge raise the steam.

The following is Hordeman's pithy description of winter: "Withered is the rose, Frozen are my toes, When the Northwind blows.

Say, "Stick in the Mud," where is your over-coat? "What! talk about an over-coat when the cotton is in the field yet?"

The regular classes for the Seniors began about the tenth of October. P. Benedict teaches the Catechismus Romanus; P. Philip, Logic; P. Clement, Commercial Law and Civil Government. As to Greek: "Sub judice lis est."

A considerable number of students are attending the singing class to get acquainted with the rudiments of Church-music, and especially with the Gregorian chant. They can apply their knowledge obtained in singing the Vespers.

Professor in Religion: How did Jesus heal the blind man? Romuald. "By throwing mud into his eyes."

Kuenle to Ley: "Say, Bill, do you know in what country apiculture is most extensive?" Bill: "In Brazil, because I have heard that there even whole forests are full of apes."

Prefect of bathing to the boys: "Remember, obedience is what I require of you. Therefore sharp three minutes after I ring the 'diver's' bell

every one has to be under water."

P. Chrysostom has been appointed Spiritual Guide of the students of Xavier Hall. The best proof of your love toward him, fellowstudents, is faithfully to obey all the regulations which his zeal prompts him to lay down for your welfare.

Why, Vigilius, you always have a hole in your vestpocket. Vigilius: "Don't you see, this hole is for the pendulum of my watch."

The college choir received valuable re-enforcement in the persons of Joseph Mutch and Hermenegild Knapke. On All Saints' day the choir showed its ability by rendering the simple but beautiful "Missa Septimi Toni" by F. Witt.

The undersigned hereby wishes to publicly express his sincerest thanks to our beloved Brother William Zink for the many services rendered to advance the building of the grotto, and particularly for the colored window which he has furnished thereunto. F. B. Ersing.

Waiter to a gentleman who ordered supper: "Do you wish beefsteak?" Gentleman: "Should I eat beefsteak my life would be at stake."

Mr. Muinch coming from philosophy class: "What's the matter anyhow, that all at once my hat is too small?" After an examination at the doctor's it leaked out that he had a concrete idea of a bench in his head.

Tuts, the overseer of the photomographic studio wishes to announce to his patrons his new invention; i. e., to take pictures with the magic lantern. So far not only Tuts and his camera obscura, but also his pictures have been somewhat

obscure; but now the magic splendor makes the most charming face look hideous.

Sixtus sometimes gives marvelous examples of good reasoning. Here is one: In winter people walk faster than in summer; by walking faster they breathe heavily; in doing this they get warm. Now icicles do not breathe; ergo, they are cold: since they are cold, they cannot bear heat.

#### A FADED ROSE.

Ah, the flowerets on my windowpane  
How they pine for summer's heat;  
They feel the comfort of my room,  
And feign would I allow admittance.  
But remembering their sisters fair  
Of milder times and fructifying rains,  
I have compassion with a faded rose.  
Ah, the pity! scarcely is my window ope,  
That, plucking, I might plant its tiny stem  
In a place intact from snow and ice,  
When, behold, it melts in tears of gratitude.

H. PINEBROOK.

---

Still the students are enjoying their customary walks in the groves. Do I say enjoying? Yes, but in a far less degree. With pity they lift up their eyes to the bare limbs of the oaks. They are sometimes frightened by the sad moaning of the branches when the bleak November wind plays a rough sport with their shoots. The boys hurry. They seem to miss a joyful companion, Nature; and yet she is still with them. Sometimes they seem to hear the rustling of her garment; but no, they are only stepping upon her withered leaves, that refreshed them during the summer with their cooling shade. Yes, she has changed! Her gay gar-

ment is changed into one of mourning. And why should she, the gentle mother, not mourn? How many a tender nurseling has cruel autumn not torn mercilessly from her breast? Soon she herself will seem dead, and Providence will spread the white pall over the lifeless form. Truly, these days of November would be dreary, had not the Church on the first day of the month instituted the feast of All Saints, thereby to point us to a home of everlasting springtime.

The Columbians hereby express their thanks to Mr. V. Krull for his donations to the museum. The same society thankfully acknowledges the receipt of a relic, dear to all lovers of music,—a flower from the grave of Chopin near Paris—which was placed in our museum by Prof. C. Hemmersbach.

Mr. Hordeman speaking in favor of the annexation of the conquered islands wound up his argument in the following manner: “Would those big fellows that live on politics have to drink coffee and tea instead of beer as we do:—Cuba and the Philippines would already be states of the Union.”

Should Cuba be annexed to the United States our Raleigh Club would be the first to found a Colony somewhere near Havana. The reason is apparent.

Ernest at the drill of his broomsters: “Attention; why, Cob, you are never here in time! Carry brooms! Eyes to the floor! Level brooms! Aim at the floor!....Thrust!....Go! The “go” always is the start to a manual without command,

but nobody ever saw the performance, because the captain and his company soon vanish in a cloud of dust.

Wanted: Reports from President and Treasurer of the Raleigh Club. Information about the Teutonia and the Bonifacius-Verein. Two window panes 3x2 feet for Alexius's spectacles. A "key" to Demosthenes.

#### WHY IT HALTED.

My Pegasus one morn went lame,  
Nor do I know wherfrom it came.  
He jumped and danced, but had no gait,  
I ne'er could comprehend that state.  
With trouble, pain, and much delay  
I reached the smith's at noon of day.  
The smith, a well experienced man  
My nag to scrutinize began.  
"Your Pegasus," quoth he, "is good,  
Methinks he is of noble blood.  
What lofty neck, what stately mane!  
Since when, my friend, does he go lame?"—  
"Oh, ever since I rode the nag."

"DULCE."

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## HONORARY MENTION.

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### FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95 — 100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of October, appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90—95 per cent.

#### 95—100 PER CENT.

F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Hordeman, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, C. Rohrkemper, C. Uphaus, H. Horstman, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Biegel, O. Holtschneider, A. Bremerkamp, H. Plas, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Wellman, L. Walther, F. Garity, C. Diemer, J. Steinbrunner, W. Keilmann, A. McGill, J. Wessel, H. Muhler, L. Holt-schneider, W. Luking, J. Braun, T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, L. Dabbelt, M. Schwieterman, F. Wagner, B. Horstman, L. Wagner, C. Hils; T. Brackman, D. Brackman, H. Fehrenbach, J. Meyer, E. Deindinger, F. Ersing, V. Krull, V. Muinch, V. Schuette, C. Faist, P. Staiert, L. Linz, E. Hefele, H. Seiferle, R. Stoltz, C. Miller, H. Luke, B. Staiert, R. Monin, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, L. Huber, A. Schuette, L. Hoch, F. Steinbrunner, R. Reinick, B. Alt, M. Kirsch.

#### 90—95 PER CENT.

E. Wills, B. Nowak, S. Shenk, C. Hemsteger, O. Kalvelage, W. Flaherty, A. Junk, N. Keilmann, F. Birren, A. Birren; I. Rapp, P. Kanney, T.

Kramer, C. Mohr, S. Mayer, D. Schneider, B. Holler, R. Smith, X. Jaeger, M. Schmitter, A. Koenig, F. Didier, I. Tobe, H. Knapke.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the month of September. The names of those that reached an average of from 84—90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90—100 PER CENT.

V. Schuette, P. Staiert, P. Kanney, T. Trav-  
ers, W. Hordeman, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger,  
E. Hefele, H. Seiferle, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, E.  
Werling, F. Theobald, A. Schuette, X. Jaeger,  
L. Huber, E. Flaig, I. Wagner, J. Seitz, H. Plas,  
L. Walther, C. Hemsteger, L. Dabbelt, N. Keil-  
man, H. Knapke.,

84—90 PER CENT.

T. Saurer, I. Rapp, E. Ley, T. Kramer, S.  
Meyer, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, M. Koester, E.  
Wills, M. Schmitter, R. Smith, L. Hoch, A. Mc-  
Gill, J. Wessel, J. Braun, W. Luking, A. Koenig,  
R. Reinick, F. Didier, C. Uphaus, C. Rohrkemper,  
J. Steinbrunner, A. Bremerkamp, O. Holtschnei-  
der, B. Recker, O. Bremerkamp, A. Kamm, A.  
Schlaechter, F. Garity.

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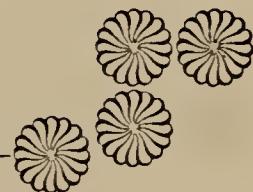
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